

Eros, Storge

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Eros, Storge

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Summary

Frustrated after losing to his father yet again, Zagreus accepts a gift from the goddess of love that perhaps he should have left alone.

Zagreus couldn't stop shivering, for all he didn't feel the cold of the snow against his skin. That should have been his first clue.

It was his fourth visit to the world above. The first time he'd just been exhilarated that he'd made it. He'd been full of wonder as he'd stepped out from underneath Hades' gates, overawed by even the smallest glimpse of the outside world.

Awe had made him sloppy. His father had killed him with a strike to the chest, and his skin had split as easily as rotten fruit. As he'd faded, the last thing he'd seen was his blood sinking into the snow, dyeing it bright as rubies.

When he'd come back to himself, he'd emerged from the pool of Styx with a newfound spring in his step. He'd always felt sure he would reach the surface one day, but for the first time he'd known that he could do it. His confidence buoyed him as he tried again, and it was with a brash cockiness that he escaped the House of Hades for the second time.

His overconfidence had been deadly. His father had caught him with a downswing, cut him from neck to hip and then lopped his head off for good measure.

He'd made his third run with renewed determination. The third time was the charm, after all. And then, once again, he had died.

It wasn't in Zagreus' nature to give up, but he had considered it then. The disappointment and the frustration were worse than the pain of defeat alone: to know that he could make it out, that he was strong enough to reach the surface, and to have it come to naught again and again and again.

Frustration often leads men into making unwise decisions and persuades them to take gifts they should know better than to accept. It was a lesson he learned on his fourth escape attempt. The cost he paid to learn it was high.

Zagreus ran through the lower halls as he had done before, slaughtering monsters in droves. He ran up through the dark tunnels of the earth, past the Styx and the Lethe, the Archeron, the Phlegethon, and the Cocytus.

But as he reached the great gates leading to the world above, his steps faltered.

There, at the edge of the underworld, stood the lady Aphrodite, a small smile playing at her lips. She wore naught but a playful breeze and a shower of flower petals; in her hands she held a small chalice, filled to the brim.

He stopped, sketched an awkward bow. "Well met, my lady." There were a million questions in his head, some practical—how had she made it here when none of the others had—and some not. Gods, but wasn't she cold?

"Hello, little godling. You were so close, last time... I had hoped." She tossed her head with a husky sigh. "Well. I thought perhaps you might like a bit of help, this time around." She extended the chalice toward him, beckoning him forward with her other hand. "Here, a blessing. A special one."

Swallowing, Zagreus eyed the chalice. The liquid within was clear and still. It looked for all the world like water, save for the slight scent of musk on the air when he sniffed it. "What is it?"

Her smile grew. "A weapon, dearest. A poison to your enemies. Drink it, and it will yoke them to your bidding."

That sounded good. It sounded more than good. Zagreus ran through the calculations in his head. He had only his father left to face, but his father had by now cut him down three times as easily as a farmer might scythe down a field of wheat. He would accept anything that gave him an advantage in the fight that lay ahead. Perhaps the lady Aphrodite knew that. He looked up at her; her smile had only grown.

"I accept," he said at last, quashing his misgivings. He reached out and plucked the goblet from her hands, raising it to his mouth before he could think better of it. Just for a moment, he paused as he pressed the rim to his lips—what did she mean, when she said it would yoke his enemies to his bidding—but did it truly matter? He could not bear to lose to his father for a fourth time; just the thought of fading into death beneath that smug bastard's watchful glare was enough to undo him. He would not endure it again. He could not.

He opened his mouth and drained the goblet down to the last drop.

When he was finished, he looked back up at the lady Aphrodite. She was watching him with a curious expression; as he stared, the tip of her tongue darted out to wet her lips. "I am glad to be of help, dearest. Do tell me how it goes."

And then, in a rush of floral scents and breezy laughter, she was gone.

Zagreus stood blinking in the dim light, staring at the place where she had stood. He became aware of a warmth in his chest; it grew as the scent of the goddess faded, spreading through his body and limbs.

The unnatural warmth grew as he walked out of the underworld and into the snowy field beyond. His breath grew labored, his limbs weak. Gods, but what had she given him? Had he offended her somehow? Was this some manner of Olympian curse?

Shuddering, shivering, he walked into the now-familiar clearing.

There, at the edge of his vision, stood a dark shape. As he stared, the figure tilted sideways, and the trees and sky with it. Or—no. He himself had fallen. The sky above him was pale and spotted with little motes of drifting ice, and there was snow against his cheek, soft as eiderdown. His mouth fell open; he reached out his tongue, catching a snowflake. It tasted sweet, and he couldn't help but giggle. Gods, something was wrong with him.

“—you doing?” His father's voice echoed through the clearing, but Zagreus couldn't make out the words: they blurred together, the sounds dull and muted as if heard from underwater. What did his father want? Zagreus pursed his brow. Why was he here, at any rate? He had come here to do something...

A fight, that was it. They were supposed to fight. He glanced down at his hand. He was still holding his sword, that was something. He shifted his grip and gasped as the leather of the pommel rubbed against his skin. It felt—indefinable. How had he not noticed before how exquisite the leather felt in his hand?

His father's voice boomed again, closer this time.

Zagreus flinched. He couldn't seem to get his eyes to focus, but he could just make out the figure looming over him, silhouetted against the sky. His father. His father, who was here to kill him. There was a weapon in his hand, the steel of the edge glinting in the weak winter sun. As Zagreus watched, his father raised it and swung it at Zagreus in a leisurely arc.

With a gasp, Zagreus raised his sword in a limp parry. There was no force behind the swing, but it nearly undid him all the same. His sword deflected the edge of his father's weapon, but only barely, and the blow sent him sprawling onto his back in the snow. He lay there, trying to catch his breath.

Snow crunched, and then his father was leaning down over him, weapon in hand. Zagreus let out a choking breath and waited for the coup de grace, the plunge of air, the burrowing of steel in his gut.

It didn't come. Instead his father was kneeling at his side and setting his weapon down in the snow with a grunt. “Fool boy, if you think to trick me...” he murmured, reaching out to press the back of his hand against Zagreus' sweat-soaked brow.

Zagreus cried out. It was the first time he could remember his father touching him with anything other than violence in mind. And it felt... wonderful. Zagreus couldn't help the moan that broke from his lips as his father turned his hand over to press his palm against Zagreus' cheek.

The hand flew away, and Zagreus felt its absence like a blow. “Please,” he gasped, arching up into the air, desperate to get his father's hand back on his skin, desperate to be touched.

Above him, a sharply indrawn breath. “Boy, what—”

Zagreus didn't care what his father had to say; all he cared about was getting those hands back on him. Gritting his teeth, he managed to roll himself into a sitting position. He blinked at his father, who was regarding him with wide eyes and a strange expression. *Right, then*, he thought to himself, and flung himself at his father's midsection.

His father grunted as Zagreus bowled into him. Suddenly there were hands on his neck and *oh*, they felt so good, so good Zagreus almost didn't care that he was once again on his back in the snow, and the hands were beginning to tighten around his windpipe. It was harder to breathe, of course, but Zagreus couldn't bring himself to care: he was getting touched, finally, and even the burn of choking hurt in a darkly delicious way.

Still, it wasn't enough. His vision was blurry, but there was his father above him, staring down at him, and so it seemed the most natural thing in the world to crane his neck up to capture his father's lips in a kiss.

His father jerked away the second their lips touched. Zagreus, reveling in the fleeting feeling of his father's lips, watched as horror dawned in Hades' eyes.

"You took moly."

There had been a goblet, hadn't there? Aphrodite had given it to him. The draught had tasted good. "She told me it would poison you," Zagreus mumbled, the words clumsy on his tongue. Had that been what she'd said? It seemed so long ago.

Hades raised a hand to his lips where Zagreus had kissed him, as if he were feeling at a wound. "I should—I should just kill you." He paused. "Do you want me to kill you?"

Zagreus considered this. "No." If Hades killed him, Zagreus wouldn't get to kiss him again.

"You should want me to kill you. It would be better than... than this."

Zagreus, bored with the conversation, reached up to kiss his father again. This time Hades wasn't as quick to pull away, and Zagreus succeeded in pressing their mouths firmly together. Hades was warm against him, the hair of his beard scratchy against his cheek. Zagreus' eyes fluttered shut as he slipped his tongue between his father's lips and moaned in disappointment when his father once again pulled away.

But a moment later they were kissing again, and this time it was his father who initiated.

It could barely even be called kissing, what they did: his father throat-fucked him with his tongue, plundering Zagreus' mouth until he was choking and gagging, his lips spit-slick, drool dripping down his chin to make a mess of his chiton.

As they kissed, Zagreus could feel his wits returning somewhat, as if his father were sucking the poison from him like venom from a snake-bite.

Meanwhile, Hades' motions were growing rougher and the sounds he made more guttural. His massive hands clutched and grabbed at Zagreus, yanking him closer so that their chests were pressed together. The position was uncomfortable and Zagreus tried to squirm, but Hades' hands held him implacably still; there was nowhere he could go, nothing he could do.

He became dimly aware that his father was roused. There was no escaping it: his hard length pressing against Zagreus' stomach through the thin linen of their chitons.

His father pulled away with a groan as if wounded. Zagreus had never seen his father's eyes like

this: unfocused and glazed with heat. “If this continues... I will... not be able to stop.”

This, he called it, as if he couldn’t speak the truth of what they were doing, as if even now he wanted to hide from feeling the slightest emotion. “So it hurts your conscience to fuck me, but not to kill me?”

“Careful, boy,” his father growled, and Zagreus got the sense that his father was holding on by a thread. A thread Zagreus could snap.

It gave him a perverse joy, that this would be something his father would regret. Zagreus might never defeat him in battle, but this was a wound that was within his power to cause, a wound that would never heal. He wanted to hurt his father. He wanted to make him feel something. He wanted to kiss him. “Fuck your conscience,” he enunciated, as clearly as he could. “Fuck me.”

The thread snapped. With a snarl, Hades surged forward. Before Zagreus could react Hades was picking him up like a ragdoll, holding him in place with one massive hand as he ripped away Zagreus’ chiton with the other before flinging him down into the snow.

Panting, Zagreus watched as Hades tore off his own raiment, baring his body to the air.

He blinked. Gulped. *Oh. That was...*

There was no other way to say it: his father’s cock was monstrous. In its length and girth it was large enough that Zagreus could well see it would take two hands for him to grip it properly. So big, so hard, and already it was dripping precome into the snow. The lust of the goddess’ potion hit him with a bolt of want even as the rational part of his mind rebelled in horror. It was huge, there was no way it was going to fit—

Before Zagreus could react, Hades was grabbing him and manhandling him into his lap. His hands were so broad that they almost completely encircled Zagreus’ trim waist; His fingers pressed down cruelly enough that Zagreus could feel the bruises forming, branding him down to his bones.

And then he felt it. The massive blunt head of his father’s cock, pressing at his entrance like a battering ram. For all it had looked big, it felt even bigger, and Zagreus felt lust and horror in equal measure as Hades began to pull him down onto his cockstand.

Zagreus clawed at the air and scrabbled at his father’s hands, arching away from the intrusion. Tears began to well up in his eyes, and he kicked wildly in the air. But there was nowhere for him to go: all his entreaties and rebellions fell on deaf ears. Hades grip never wavered; he held him like a vise as he pressed inexorably in, in, in. Zagreus was made to sit there and take it; he had no choice.

Gods, but it was so big: his body screamed at the intrusion, every inch of him rebelling at the violation of it. His rim was stretched beyond what he had thought possible, and then stretched more, more, more. In it drove, until it was touching every part of him. He sobbed, face a mess of tears and snot, he twitched, nerves burning and sparking at every unnatural inch—but by now his own cock was rock hard against his stomach.

His body was nothing but a sleeve to be used as Hades pushed deeper and deeper, filling him more completely than he’d ever been filled in his life. The stretch was obscene, beyond what should have been possible, but some witchery had made it not just possible, but inevitable: as if this were his purpose in life, his only use: to be fucked and filled by his father.

With a grunt, Hades bottomed out, yanking Zagreus flush against his thighs. Zagreus spasmed

around the massive cock, stuffed past comprehension. A moan broke from deep in his body as his head fell forward to loll limply against Hades' chest.

And then Hades began to move him again.

His father's cock, slippery with precome, slipped out of his hole and then stabbed in again. There was no respite, no chance for Zagreus to catch his breath.

Gripping him by the waist, Hades began to jerk himself off with Zagreus' body, making him take the monstrous girth over and over and over again.

Zagreus was helpless to do anything but hold on, his hands scrabbling for purchase in his father's beard, back arching as his body struggled to accommodate Hades' cock.

"Father," he gasped, over and over. "Father." His own cock was by now fat and leaking, bouncing against his belly with each of Hades' thrusts.

Each thrust destroyed and remade him, branding him from the inside out, stealing his breath until he was a gasping choking mess, trembling in his father's iron grip. Seed had begun to leak from his aching cock, dripping down to splatter over his belly and thighs, drenching the air with the scent of sex.

Every inch of his skin was burning up with fire, desperate for touch so that even the glassy gaze of Hades pinning him in place set him panting lewdly, his breath clouding in the frosty air.

He no longer had the presence of mind to fight back, or even beg for mercy: he had been reduced to naught but a hole in need of filling. Every part of him was transfixed on the overwhelming sensation of being fucked on his father's cock.

His pleasure bloomed darkly with each agonized thrust until he couldn't help but come on his father's cock, jerking, screaming himself hoarse as his orgasm ripped through him, painting thick ropes of spend over Hades' chest. The pain and the pleasure were too much, far too much, barely comprehensible—but even as the aftershocks wracked his body, Hades fucked him through it, on and on, as inexorable as the Fates themselves.

He floated on the terrible pain and brutal pleasure of it, barely conscious, utterly helpless and still.

Suddenly Hades grunted, and then his fingers spasmed around Zagreus' hips as he jerked once, twice, three times. Heat bloomed in Zagreus' gut, flooding him, filling him deep inside. The volume of it overflowed the tiny confines of his body to spill down his trembling thighs and spatter in the snow.

Finally, Hades' cock slipped out of his now-loose hole. The hands on his hips relaxed and he fell, boneless and bruised, to the ground. He was a mess of nerves and hurts, every bit of him filthy with tears and sweat and seed.

As his eyes fluttered shut, he was just barely aware of two things. First, he heard his father falling to the ground beside him with something that sounded suspiciously like a sob on his lips. And second, he could once again feel the cold of the snow on his skin.

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